



Wish me dead



horror

drama

grotesque

57 3 5

Chapter 1 by -

The ground feels cold under my bare feet, as I walk through the somber woods I think about where i'm supposed to go after this. Am I to live in these black woods forever? What am I saying? Of course im to live here forever, I will die in these woods, scared and alone. Its simply the fate of all who dare to enter this unholy place. Still, i can't help but wonder if this is it, if this is really all that life has to offer. Is there an afterlife? If there is, will I even be welcome? The noises of nature fill my head and devour my thoughts until i'm nothing but an empty vessel, I look up at the grey sky, the dark branches that hang overhead are like long boney claws. I stand unable to move until a loud shriek dribbled down from the air coaxing me to run.

I run, faster than light can travel, jumping over rocks and ducking under tree branches. LEFT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT... FASTER ! the voices in my head blur as one basic command MOVE. my lungs start to burn and I become clumsy, tripping over my feet, still LEFT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT until.. "SNAP"... I fall and release a loud bloodcurdling scream, my foot, the pain, merciless. My whole body stiffens and I let out another strangled cry for help. I can feel my leg throbbing in response to the pain, I can feel the thick warm blood pouring out of me, I can feel... pain. I bite down another pain filled howl and push myself up, my foot's caught on some sort of trap, I

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it's still there. I lay there, as my vision becomes fuzzy it becomes increasingly hard to force my eyes open, my body behaves as a stubborn child, refusing to follow basic instructions. I'm just about to give in to fatigue when i hear it, someone was coming, I try grabbing their attention, i try to yell, but my sad attempts sounds like a whiny moan. I see a shadowy figure standing over me, i hear a wicked laugh before i feel a split pain and lose consciousness.

I awake in what feels like only seconds to see a tall filthy man dragging me by the bloody bear trap that nearly cut straight through my leg. Lucky for me the frigid cold winds have nearly numbed my leg completely, I take a deep breath in and feel my insides freeze I try to scream but it appears my leg isn't the only thing the winds have chosen to silence. I sit still unable to move as the barbaric man continues to drag me deeper and deeper into the unknown stretch of the woods. My senses feel heightened in a way, i can hear the wind as it smacks against me, the twigs and leaves as they break beneath me and invade my clothes, the trees begin to look like black smudges, the forest begins to fade away though before fettig drags me to sleep I saw the most horrific sight imaginable. People, hundreds of them, hanging by their skin on Bob wire, side by side they sat, no arms, no legs, most of there eyes look like they'd been gouged out of there sockets, there mouths were sewn shut and a few of them still stained the ground with their blood. Then suddenly one of them let out a weak moan, my stomach flipped over and my blood ran cold as the sick realization hit me like a ton of bricks. These people, are alive.

Chapter 2 by Skeld



The brute slams me against a wall and ties my hands. He opens my mouth and takes out one of my teeth. He grins at me and eats the tooth. I gasp in horror.

"Good bone. Will make excellent meal. BWAHAHAHHAHAHA."

"Wh...what". I mumble stupidly.

"Look there." He points at the limbless people. "New roommates."

My eyes went wide. He saw that and howled. I think it was supposed to be laughter. He punches me in the stomach and I puke out bile. Unfortunately, the vomit fell on his boots. This angered him and he started kicking me repeatedly. I lost consciousness then and the last thing I remember was him taking off his boot and bringing it towards his mouth.

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"Ah,Matt,it's you.How nice to meet you finally."

"How..How do you know my name".I asked.

"Ha,it is my duty to know who you are.You are Matteo Styne of the Royal Guard to King Grimmen whom I wish to overthrow.It was I who called into the Black woods."

"Wha-how-WHO ARE YOU".I screamed.

"Well,I'm your brother Matt."

Chapter 3 by Brother Anteris



The coppery taste of blood still lingered in my mouth, but instead of it being from a fresh wound, it tasted stale and dry; was the wound healed? I licked at the extra hole where a tooth should have been, all that was there had been a puckered section of gum and a coagulated layer of blood. I also didn't need to see that a part of my face was swollen, I could feel it; the almost pillowy sensation was unsettling. Slowly I shifted my weight from one side to the other, my bound hands were falling asleep, the tingling sensation crept across my thumbs then knuckles; they needed circulation.

"Uncomfortable?"

I looked up to the blue-haired man claiming to be my brother and sneered, he noticed.

"Now don't be upset with him..." The pale man said motioning to the brute who extracted my molars. "...He was only doing as he was told." Ponderously he stood, placing a hand on his hip as well as one at his chin; I took this moment to study him, his features were undoubtedly similar to my own, but that didn't mean a thing.

"You know my name, why don't you tell me yours?" I wanted an answer, wanted to know who it was who had the balls to say they were my brother, to lure me here then trap me. But as fate would have it, he wouldn't tell me. He merely grinned and shook his head.

"That's enough for today, take him away."

"Wait you fuck."

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Matteo's vision came and he saw the knight in armor disappear in away every know and then he caught a glimpse of his scuffed leather boots, scrapping along the grimy cobbled hall.

The smell of human excrement filled him as well as the distinct scent of blood and viscera; he knew where he was. But there was something even more surprising. 'Chirping?...' The Captain lifted his swimming head to pinpoint where the sound originated from, for if there were birds close that may have meant that there was also an exit.

It all happened so fast, Matteo questioned if he had done it alone, his escape.

Bolts shot past him, its intent to take him down where he stood, but he was agile and strong; strong enough to clamber over fallen logs and large boulders and even dodging a few arrows. But there was only so much one could do with having just been tortured, he slipped up.

The arrow came at him so fast, it shot through his left shoulder then shattered against the rocks he intended to climb; his pace faltered for only a moment before he picked it right back up. Blood spewed from the wound each time he climbed over something, splattering against the cool earth.

He ran for miles and wondered how he was still alive, he was sure he was going to bleed out but here he was lost and wounded in the Black Forest. Matteo lumbered along a glen, weary of what may see him if he chose to enter the open area, it was bad enough the fanatics were looking for him.

The Captain leaned against a tree huffing, he knew he could very well die if he didn't staunch the blood flow; immediately as well as arduously he removed the long sleeved linen tunic, to look at his wound a bit closer. The hole was angry and gaping, it drooled blood from its mouth, running the length of Matteo's chiseled torso. His corded arms and scarred hands moved to rip parts of his shirt to long strips of cloth, he wasn't about to allow himself to die like this, there was no way in Hell.

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